

10.6.11 5
Doctor Merryman;

OR,

NOTHING but MIRTH.

BEING A

P O E S Y

O F

Pleasant Poems and Witty
Jests.



Printed and Sold in London.

Doctor Merryman, &c.

The Ruled Citizen.

A Citizen for recreation sake,
 To see the county would a journey take,
 Some dozen miles, or little more,
 Taking leave of friends two months before,
 With drinking healths, and shaking hands also,
 As if to some new found land he would go.
 Then taking horse, with very much ado,
 London he leaving for a day or two,
 And as he rideth, meeting on the way,
 Such as (whate'er thou hast) do bid men stay.
 Sirrah, said one, stand! your purse deliver!
 We are the takers, you must be the giver.
 Into a wood they straightway hawl him in,
 And riple him unto the very skin.
 Masters, said he, hear me before you go,
 For you have robb'd more than you know.
 My horse in troth, borrow'd of my brother;
 The bridle and the saddle of another;
 The jerkin and the caes be a sailer's,
 The scarf I do assure you, is a taylor's,
 The falling band is likewise none of mine,
 Nor cuffs, as true as this light doth shine.
 The sattin doublet and the silken hose,
 Are the churchwarden's all the parish knows.
 The boots are John the grocer's, in the Strand,
 The spurs are lent me by a serving man.

One of the rings, that with the red stone,
 In faith I borrow'd of my gossip Joan.
 Her husband knows it not, kind gentlemen,
 This is the case, pray show some favour then.
 Nay, said the thieves, what need you care,
 Since in your loss so many bear a share.
 The times are bad, many good fellows lack,
 Look not at this time for one penny back.
 Go tell at London that you met with four,
 Who rifling you have robbed half a score.

The Cheated Usurer.

A Money-monger, choice of sureties had,
 A country fellow plain, in russet clad,
 His doublet mutton taffety sheep-skins,
 His sleeves at hand fasten'd with two pins.
 Upon his head a filthy greasy hat,
 That had a hole eat thro' by rat.
 A leather pouch that with a nap-haunce shut,
 One hundred hob-nails in his shoes were put.
 The stockings that his clownish legs did fit,
 Were kersey to the call, the other knit.
 Then at a word, the apparel that he wore,
 Were not worth twelve-pence, who bids more?
 The other surety of another stuff,
 His neck environ'd with a double ruff;
 Of lawn or cambrick, such a common ware,
 Whose doublet set had falling bends to spare,
 Whose fashion new with late edition stood,

Whose rapier hilt imbroid in golden blood.
 Now these trappings made him seem so sound,
 To pass his credit for a hundred pound;
 So was accepted, russet coat deny'd,
 But when time came, the money to be paid,
 Old Monsieur usurer did hunt him out,
 Strange alteration struck his heart in doubt;
 For in the Compter he was gone to dwell,
 And brokers had his painted cloth to sell.
 And the usurer then he understands,
 The clown refus'd was rich in house and lands,
 Ready in rage to hang himself, he swore,
 How filken knaves should cozen him no more.

The Young Heir's Wish.

A Wealthy miser's son upon a day,
 Met a poor youth that did beg and pray,
 Something in charity in his distress,
 Help sir, quoth he, one who is fatherless.
 Sirrah! said he, away! be gone with speed,
 I'll help none such, thou art a rogue indeed.
 Do you complain because you want a father?
 Were it my case I should rejoice thee rather;
 For if thy father's death makes thee repine,
 I would my father had excus'd thine.

The Dream expounded.

A Country fellow had a dream,
 Which did his mind amaze,
 And starting up he wakes his wife,

And thus to her he says:
 O woman, rise and help your goose,
 For e'en the best we have,
 Is presently at point to die,
 Unless her life you save.
 On either side of her I see
 An hungry fox doth sit,
 But staying upon courtesy,
 Who shall begin first bit.
 Husband, if this be all,
 I can your dream expound,
 The perfect meaning of the same,
 I instantly have found.
 The goose between two foxes plac'd,
 Which in your dream you saw,
 Is you yourself, which proves the goose,
 In going still to law.
 On either side a lawyer sits,
 And they do feathers pull,
 That in the end you will be found
 A bare and naked gull.
 Wife, in good troth, said he, I think,
 Thou art just in the right;
 My purse can witness to my grief,
 How they begin to bite.
 I do resolve another course,
 And much commend thy wit,
 And leave goose's part to them.
 Who have a mind to it.

And thou ever find that I
 To lawing humour fall,
 Let me be hang'd at Westminster,
 Wife, I'll forsake the hall.

The Fool Fitted.

A Crafty kind of knavish fool,
 Whereof there plenty be,
 Did break his master's looking-glass,
 And swore it was not he.
 The master did examine him,
 Demanding who it was?
 Sir, if you'll be content, said he,
 I'll tell you who it was.
 With that he led him to the hall,
 To Fortune's picture there,
 Saying, it was Fortune did the deed,
 She ought the blame to bear.
 His master took a cudgel then,
 And belabours him withall;
 And crying out for mercy then,
 Before his feet did fall.
 Nay, said his master, it is not,
 To Fortune you must speak:
 For even she that cudgels you,
 The glass before did break.

The Countryman Reproved; or the Subtle
Captain.

A Sort of clowns for losses they sustain'd
By soldiers, to the captain sore complain'd,
With doleful word, and very doleful faces,
They desired him to commiserate their cases.
Pray, sir, said one, do but redress our wrong,
Such that have done it unto thee belong.
Of all that e'er we had, we are bereft,
Except our very shirts there's nothing left.
The captain answers, Fellows, hear but me,
My soldiers robb'd you not, I plainly see;
At your first speech you made me very glad,
But your last words resolv'd the doubts I had.
For those that rifle you, left shirts you say,
And I am sure mine carry all away.
By this I know an error you are in,
My soldiers would leave nothing but the skin.

The Advising Father.

ONE dying left three sons,
Whom he advice did give;
Of what professions to make choice,
Whereby they best might live.
Unto the first he said,
Law will be good for thee;
I know as long as there be men,
Some wranglers there will be.

The second he did wist,
 A canon's life to chuse;
 For when others weep and mourn,
 Thou shalt thy signing use.
 And to the third he said,
 Phyfic is for thee fit;
 For earth shall smother all the faults
 Physicians do commit.

The contending Barber and Mower.

A Barber and a Mower did contend,
 With much ado before the strife did end,
 About the privilege that each claim;
 And thus the Barber did his reasons frame:
 I am the head of all trades that be,
 E'en kings must sit bare-headed unto me.
 The greatest monarch that on earth we find,
 Put off for me, Mower, you come behind.
 But he reply'd, Barber, in vain you jeer,
 I have the privilege exceed you far,
 For when by me the grass with scythe is shorn,
 Or that my sickle cutteth down the corn,
 Upon the stumps I boldly dare untruss,
 What barber on his work can dare do thus.

The Conceited Humourist.

A Humourous frantic ass,
 Whose wit and wealth was spent.
 Did in all companies he came,
 Boast of his great descent.

And all the gentlemen he knew,
 Unto his blood were bale;
 For he could prove from Noah's flood,
 His stock of royal race.
 Pray, Sir, quoth one, take more pains
 In this same worthy thing,
 For it is most apparent plain,
 From that old house you spring,
 You may just prove your pedigree,
 From thence unto this hour,
 Your ancestors good masons were,
 That wrought on Babel tower,
 And were I, as your worship is,
 In spite of all bricklayers,
 I would have trowel in my hand,
 A ladder, tray, and all.

The Railing Mountebank.

Gentlemen that come near my stall,
 To nice rare physic I invite you all;
 Come here and hearken what I have to tell,
 And deal with me all you that are not well.
 In this same box I have a precious stuff,
 To give it praise I have not words enough.
 If any humour in your heads be crept,
 I'll find it out as tho' your heads were swept.
 Almost thro' Europe I have shown my face,
 And wonders have perform'd in ev'ry place.
 Behold this salve! I do not chuse to lye,

Whole hospitals have been cur'd thereby;
 I do not stand here like a tatter'd slave,
 My velvet and my chain of gold I have,
 Which cannot be maintain'd by men's looks,
 Friends, all the town is not worth my books.
 Here stand my coach and horses, 'tis my own,
 From hence to Turkey is my credit known.
 In sooth, I cannot boast as many will,
 Let nothing speak for me but only skill.
 You see the things like gingerbread lie here,
 My tongue cannot express to any here,
 Such sundry virtues that it doth contain,
 Or number half the worms that it hath slain.
 If in your bellies there are crawlers bred,
 In multitudes; like hairs upon your head,
 Within four hours space, or thereabouts,
 Of all the holes you have I'll search them out,
 And ferret them before that I have done,
 Just like the hare that from the bush doth run.
 Here is a wonderous water for the eye,
 This for the stomach, masters, will you buy?
 When I am gone you will repent too late,
 And then like fools, among yourselves will
 prate;

O that we had this famous man again,
 He ne'er shall be employ'd in France or Spain,
 And for a shilling you a box shall have,
 That will the lives of half a dozen save:
 My man is come, and in my ear he says,
 Go home, for me at least an hundred stays.

I make them tarry and attend, for know,
 Physic of alms upon you I'll bestow.
 What doctor in the world can offer more?
 Such errant clowns I never saw before.
 Here you do stand like owls to gaze on me,
 But not a penny from you I can see.
 A man shall come to do such dunces good,
 And cannot have his meaning understood.
 To talk to senseless fools it is in vain,
 I'll see you hang'd, ere I'll come here again.
 Be all diseased as bad horses be,
 And die in ditches like to dogs for me,
 An old old wife's medicine, parsley, thyme,
 and sage,
 May serve such buzzards in this scurvy age.
 Goose-grease and fennel, with a few dog's
 dates,
 Are excellent medicine for such dirty mates.
 Farewell, an hempen altar be your charm,
 And stretch your necks as long as is my arm.

The Feeble Widower.

ONE came to woo a girl that was precise,
 And by the spirit did the flesh despise,
 Moving a secret match between them two.
 But she in sooth and fondness would not do.
 He did reply, so sweet and fair is she,
 Made of such stuff as all fair women be:

Taught by the laws of nature to be kind,
 And show herself to bear a woman's mind,
 Well, Sir, said she, you men do much prevail
 By cunning speeches, and a pleasant tale.

'Tis but a folly to be over nice,
 You shall, but twenty shillings is the price.
 A brace of angels, if you will bestow,
 Come any time, I'm ready for the show.

Well, he took leave and with the husband met,
 Told him by bond he was to pay the debt,
 Entreating him to do so good a deed,
 As lend him twenty shillings in his need;
 Which very kind his person did extend,
 And the other same on his wife did spend.

So taking his leave of her he went away,

Meeting his creditor in a few days,

And said, Sir, I was at home for to pay

The money that you lent me the other day,

So with your wife, because you was not there,

I left it, Sir, with my rudeness bear.

'Twas right, said he, I'm glad you did your
 pleasure.

So he goes home, and asks his wife at leisure,

I say, sweetheart, was such a man with thee?

And did he leave twenty shillings for me?

• She blush'd and said, he had been there indeed.

But you do ill, husband, to lend indeed,

The falshood of the world you don't espy,

It is not good to trust before we try.

Pray lend no more, for it may breed strife,
To let such fools come home to pay thy wife.

The Crafty Fox.

A Crew of foxes were on thieving set,
Together at a country hen roost met,
Where all the country went to grievous wreck
For here they eat until their guts did crack.
Having well supp'd, ready to go away,
Said one to the rest, Pray friends hark to me,
Let's point where our next meeting shall be.
With all my heart, said one among the rest,
At such a farmer's, for his lambs are best.
Nay, said another, I do know a clown,
Has got the fattest geese in all the town.
The master said, an ancient fox, [cocks,
Who had been the death of many hens and
The surest place to meet, as I can tell,
Is at the Skinner's shop, so farewell.

The Careful Shepherd.

A Careful shepherd that good eye did keep
Unto the safety of his grazing sheep,
Perceiv'd a wolf thro' the hedge did pry.
Sirrah, said he, what makes you here so nigh?
Why, said the wolf, thou see'st I do no ill,
Thy flock is far enough upon the hill.
Such justice now-a-days the people lack,
The crow rides safely on the cattles' back,

And not a word you speak to them at all,
 Yet but for looking on me dost brawl,
 The proverb true, for now I find it well,
 That once I heard my ancient grannum tell,
 He that upon a bad name doth light,
 Is half hang'd, and may be hanged quite.
 And I myself by truth do now alledge,
 Some better steal than some look o'er the edge

The Simple Clerks.

A Bishop met two priests upon the way,
 And did salute them with the time of day,
 Good-morrow clerks, to you both, said he,
 Sir, they reply'd, no clerks, but priests we be.
 Why, said the bishop, then I will consent
 Unto the title of your own content.
 Since you deny to carry scholars marks,
 Good-morrow to you priests that are no clerks.

Advice to Climbers.

ONE climbing up a tree mayhap,
 Fell down and broke his arm,
 And did complain unto his friend
 Of his unhappy harm.
 Would I had counsell'd you before,
 Said he to whom he spake,
 I know a trick for climbers,
 That hurt shall never take.

Neighbour, said he, I have a son,
And he doth use to climb;
Pray let me know the same for him,
Against another time.

Why thus, said he, let any man
That lives climb e'er so high,
And make no more haste down than up,
No harm can come thereby.

The Witty Fool, or Foolish Gentleman.

AN aged gentleman sore sick did lie.
Expecting life, who could not chuse but
die,

His fool came to him and entreated thus:
Good master, ere you go from us,
Bestow on Jack, who oft has made you laugh,
Against he waxeth old, your walking staff.
I will, said he, go take it, there it is,
But on condition, Jack, it shall be this:
If you do meet with any whilst you live,
More fool than thee, to him the staff do give.
Master, said he, upon my life I will,
But yet have hopes that I shall keep it still.
As death drew near, and faintness did proceed,
His master called for advice with speed,
For to prepare him unto heaven's way.
The fool starts up; and hastily did say,
O master! master! take your staff again,
That proves you the worst fool of us twain.
Have you liv'd fourscore years and odd,

And all this time art unprepar'd for God;
 What greater fool can any meet withall,
 Who says he cannot come when God doth call
 And is to seek about his soul's estate,
 When death is opening of the prison gate.
 Bear witness, friends, that I discharge me plain,
 Here, master, now take your staff again.
 Upon the same condition I did take it,
 According as you will'd me, I forsake it,
 And over and above I will bestow
 This epitaph, that will your folly show:
 ' Here lies a man at death did heav'n claim,
 But in his life-time never fought the same.'

The Simple Clown, or Crafty Soldier.

A Simple clown in Flanders,
 As he travelling had been,
 Having his wife in company,
 Came late into an inn.
 A Spanish soldier being there,
 A guest unto the place,
 No sooner saw, but lik'd his wife,
 She had a comely face.
 And soon as they were gone to-bed,
 Then boldly in comes he,
 And never said, friend, by your leave,
 But made the number three.
 The clown lay still, and felt a stir,
 But durst not stir for life;
 At length his patience was so mov'd,

He softly jogg'd his wife,
 And said to her, Prithee entreat
 This Spaniard to be still.
 Can I speak Spanish, man, quoth she,
 You know I have no skill;
 But, husband, if you please to rise,
 And for the Sexton go,
 He understandeth Spanish well,
 I very well do know.
 Faith, and I'll fetch him strait, said he,
 And so the rustic goes,
 Mean-time imagine what you will,
 To me it is unknown;
 But 'ere the husband came again,
 The Spaniard he was gone.
 Which when the simple man perceiv'd,
 He fell to domineer;
 O wife! said he, for twenty pounds,
 I would he had been here.
 Tell me, sweetheart, when I was gone.
 How long the knave did stay?
 Quoth she, you scarce was out of door,
 Before he ran away.
 Wife, quoth the clown, you make me laugh,
 That he did fear me thus;
 Come, let us take another nap,
 For his disturbing us.

You see what comes of policy,
 A good discretion, wife,
 If I had been a hasty fool,
 It might have cost my life.

The Canting Bawd, or Covetous Wife.

I AM a profeſt Courtezan,
 That lives by peoples' ſin;
 With half a dozen punks I keep,
 I have good comings in.
 Such ſtore of traders haunt my houſe,
 To find a luſty wench,
 That twenty gallants in a week
 Do entertain the French.
 Your Courtier and your Citizen,
 Your very ruſtic Clown,
 Will ſpend an angel on the pox,
 Even ready money down.
 I ſtrive to live moſt like,
 And ſcorn thoſe filthy queans,
 That do not rattle in their ſilks,
 And yet have able means.
 I have my dainty muſic plays,
 When I could take my reſt;
 I have my ſerving men to wait
 Upon me in blue coats.
 I have my oars to attend,
 My pleaſure with their boats,

I have my champions that will fight,
 All in their red coats.
 To give my gloves unto a gull,
 Is a favour fond,
 When for the wearing of the same,
 It cost him twenty pounds.
 My garter is a precious thing,
 Another takes away,
 And for the same a filken gown,
 The prodigal doth pay.
 Then came an ass, and he forsooth,
 Is in such longing heat,
 My buskin-point e'en on his knees,
 He does with tears entreat.
 I grant it, to rejoyce the man,
 And then request a thing,
 Which is both gold and precious stones,
 The Woodcock's diamond ring.
 Another lowly minded youth,
 Forsooth my shoe-strings craves;
 And that he putteth thro' his ear,
 Calling the rest base slaves.
 Thus fit we fools in humour still,
 That come to us in game;
 I punish them with venery,
 Leaving their purses lame.
 Now in Newgate some take lodgings up,
 'Till they to Tyburn ride,
 And others walk to Wood-street with

A serjeant by their side.
 Some go to Houndsditch with their clothes,
 To pay for money lending;
 And some we send to furgeons' shops,
 Because they lack some mending.
 Others pass ragged up and down,
 And tatter'd, rent, and torn;
 But being in that scurvy state,
 Their companies I do scorn;
 For if they come and fawn on me,
 There's nothing to be got,
 As soon as e'er my merchants break,
 We swear we know them not.
 No entertainment, nor a look
 Shall e'er they get of me;
 If once we begin to perceive
 That out of cash they be,
 All kindnesse that I profess,
 The fairest shows we make,
 The love of all comes to me,
 For gold and silver sake.
 To forward men I forward am,
 Most frank unto the free;
 But such as take their wares on trust,
 Are not to deal with me.
 The world is hard, all things are dear,
 Kind fellowship decays,
 And ev'ry one speaks profit now,
 In these same hungry days.
 Altho' my trade it secret be,
 Unlawful to be known;

Yet I will make the best I can,
 Of that which is my own.
 For seeing I do venture fair,
 At price of whipping cheer;
 I have no reason but to make
 My customers pay dear.
 Our charge beside is very great,
 To keep them fine and brave,
 A whore that goes not gallantly,
 Shall little doing have.
 Therefore all things consider'd well,
 Our charges and our danger;
 A daily friend shall pay as much
 As any term-time stranger.

The Cunning Savage.

A Savage creature chanc'd to come
 Where civil people dwelt,
 Whom they did kindly entertain,
 And courteous with him dwelt.
 They fed him with their choicest fare,
 To make his welcome known,
 And divers ways their humane love,
 Was to this wild man shown.
 At length the weather being cold,
 One of them blew his nails;
 The savage asked why he did so?
 And what his fingers ails.

Marry, quoth he, I make them warm,
 They are both cold and dumb,
 And they sit them down to board,
 When supper-time was come.
 And that blew his nails before,
 Upon his broth did blow;
 Friend, said the savage, what means this?
 I prithee let me know.
 My broth is very hot, said he,
 And I cool them thus:
 Farewell, said he, this deed of thine
 For ever parteth us.
 Hast thou a breath blows hot and cold,
 Even at thy wish and will?
 I am not for thy company,
 So keep thy supper still.
 And heat thy hands and cool thy broth,
 As I have seen thee do;
 Such double dealers as thyself,
 I have no mind thereto.
 But will return into the woods,
 Where I before have been,
 Resolving every double tongue,
 Hath a hollow heart within.

The Foolish Beggars.

A Lusty beggar that was blind,
 But very strong of limb,
 Agreed with one that was lame in leg,
 That he would carry him.

And 'tother was to guide the way,
 For he had perfect sight,
 Upon condition all they got,
 Should shared be at night.
 So as they chanc'd to pass along,
 The cripple who had eyes,
 Sitting upon the blind man's back,
 On ground an oyster spies.
 Stoop, take the oyster up, said he,
 Which at thy feet lies there;
 And so he did, and put it in
 The scrip that he did wear.
 But going on a little way,
 Said cripple to the blind,
 Give me the oyster you took up,
 I have thereto a mind.
 Not so, said 'tother, by your leave,
 In vain do you entreat it,
 For sure I keep it for myself,
 And do intend to eat it.
 I'll have it, sir, the cripple swore,
 Who spy'd it, thou or I?
 If that I had not seen, or spake,
 It might have lain till now.
 It is no matter, said the blind,
 Thou know'st it might have lain,
 Had I not stoop'd to take it up,
 Therefore it shall be mine.
 And thus they warmly fell to words,
 And out in choler break,
 With you lame rogue, and you blind knave.

Not caring what they speak.
 At length it happened one came by,
 And heard them thus contend,
 And did entreat them both, that he
 Might this disorder end.
 They yield, and said, it shall be so:
 Then they inquiring all,
 Did hear the harrangue, and how about,
 An oyster make this strife,
 The blind man gave it him,
 Then present drew a knife,
 And opening it, ate up the same,
 Giving them each a shell,
 And said, good fellows, pray be friends,
 I have your fish, farewell.
 The beggars both deluded thus,
 At their own folly smil'd,
 And said, one crafty subtle knave
 Has two great fools beguil'd.

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